OLD NAVAL PUNISHMENTS.

BRUTAL PENALTIES INFLICTED ON

The Days When the Cat Was Coed-Moothauling and Executions on Shipboard-A Cap-Heru Abelished - Humane Methods Now. Forty-seven years ago the cat ceased to be feature in naval discipline. It is no longer con-

s dered accessary to give the morning watch a dozen all around, just to get them into working order for the day. Paragraph 49 of the "Articles for the Better Government of the Navy. read to the crews of all warships in commission on the first Monday of each month, sava:

In no case shall punishment by flogging, or by branding, marking or tattooing be adjudged by any court martial, or be inflicted by any person in the

The cat, or cat-o'-nine-tails, was made of rope was about four and one-balf inches in circumference and to the ends of the tails was five feet long. For the first three feet it was stif-fened with many Matthew Walker knots worked on the handle to prevent its slipping in the hands of the wielder. The remaining length, three feet, was divided into several hard twisted and knotted ends, making it a formidable weapon in the hands of a brawny boatswain's rate, especially selected, who laid it without mercy on the back of the poor wretch lashed spread eagle by wrists and ankles to an upright grating. Fifty years ago bo's'n's mates and corporals of the decks carried rattans and colts (the latter stiff plaited rope yarns), and any other petty officer not so provided, would, if the ccasion required, seize a rope's end and lay it over the head and shoulders of an insubordinate tar, inclined to give back talk.

In ships of the line and frigates the call to "make sail" would be passed by the bo's'n's mates of each deck, and then would follow a scurrying up ladders to the spar deck, the last man at each ladder getting a cut from the petty fficer's rattan or colt. The same thing occurred when, after gathering at the rigging, the order 'lay aloft" was given, the last man up and the last down, when "lay down from aloft" was ordered, receiving a similar salute as a warning to get some one behind him the next time sails

In those days Captains were arbitrary and tyrannical. Shocking punishments were in-flicted without the sentence of general or summary courts-martial. Five dosen with the cat for spitting on the deck is known to have been imposed. The fear of instant discharge kept men straight when the man-of-war was crutates on distant seas in proximity to islands that were seldom visited. Marconing has been resorted to in some navies and by the buccaners, but never in our own navy to the extent of landing a man on an uninhabited key or Pacific to be flogged around the fleet. A boat rigged with a platform and upright grating and con taining the corporal, guard and boatswain's mate, detailed to swing the cat, was towed to the port gangways of each ship of the fleet. Upon arriving at the first ship the prisoner was triced up and a portion of his punishment was given. He was then let down, a coat was thrown over his lacorated back and he was towed to the next ship. If he was sentenced to 300 lashes and there were ten ships in the fleet, be would receive thirty lashes at each gangway.

Keelhauling, a very ancient custom, must have been suggested by the old land custom of stool ducking, only it was far more barbarous, as the prisoner, being hauled under water from stem to stern, after having been dropped from the flying boom or forward yard arm, was nearly suffocated before he came to the surface aft. Sentence of death by general court-martial could, until comparatively recent years, be carried into effect after receiving the signature of the convening authority. In the case of the

A SUICIDE INTERRUPTED.

lage Words from a Deck Hand Restrain

Young Woman from Jumping Overboard.

They started from Jersey City over the Com-

munipaw ferry together last night. It was a lit-

tle before midnight. She leaned on the rail and

watched the reflections in the water. His arm

rested on her waist and he murmured things in

her ear. The few passengers aboard looked at them, looked at one another, and grinned.

Haif way over she turned from the sparkling

waters, looked him straight in the eye, and said

"No," he said, loud enough for everybody to

"Why, Charley!" she said, almost in a moan

His only answer was to move over to one of the

posts on the edge of the teamway. He took out

She turned and hurried, almost running, to the rear end of the boat. One or two women on the front end acreamed feebly. Two or three men ran to the end to intercept her. Charley chewed the end of his cigar.

When she reached the gate across the rear end of the boat she grasped it with both hands and placed one foot haif way up the gate. She looked back with a tragterolling of the eyes. If she hoped to see Charley rushing to the rescue, she was disappointed. He was out front, chewing his cigar.

ing his cigar.

One of the men who wanted to save her life tapped a deckhand who was sleeping on a hand truck in the middle of the wagon way. The deckhand raised his head from his elbow.

"Woman going to jump," he grunted.

"Where !"

The young man pointed out the tragic figure on the gateway.
"Say!" shouted the deckhand.
She looked back over her shoulder with the
"who-stays-me-now!" air of agmelodramatic

"who-stays-me-now!" air of agmeiodramatic horoine.
"Rivor's awful wet to-night," he said, and dropped his head into his elbow again.
Four or five heartless nen who were standing in the doorway of the men's cabin laughed.
She sat down on the deck and wept noisily, like an angry baby. The boat was in the slip. Passengers who waited in West street to see what would happen saw the young woman come out on the arm of a fat man with a white mustache. He was one of the heartless group that had laughed. The two went into the side door of a West street saloon.

RATS AT THE AQUARIUM. Wharf Raugers That Take the Chances in This Convenient New Storchouse of Live Food. The rate in the Aquarium have eaten all the hellbenders. It is not believed that they took

the hellbenders on account of any special fond-ness for them, but because they were easy to

capture, they being comparatively a slow-mov-

ing animal, a sort of water lizard. These par-

ticular helibenders came from Ohio. They were

in a wall tank, and the rats are supposed to

omething in a low tone.

hear. "Not by a blamed sight!"

Somers mutiny it was inflicted by the approval of the Captain, as the brig was cruising singly at the time. During the Mexican war Com: dore Connors hanged a man at the yardarm for striking a Lieutenant, afterward a Rear Admiral. The case was not referred beyond the miral. The case was not referred beyond the fleet. Sometimes the condemned man stood on a platform built over a gun, and at a signal from the officer in command the gun was fired, releasing a catch holding a weight sufficient in falling to run the man rapidly to the yardarm. A heavy toggle on the rope just above the man's nead prevented the neck from being jammed in the block. Men hanged in this way have been thrown over the end of the yardarm when the toggle brought the line up short. This of course broke the neck instantly, but presented a borrible spectacle to his shipmates drawn up on deck to witness punishment. It is said that when Midshipman Spencer, the son of the Secretary of War, was hanged on the brig Somers, all the crew and officers were obliged to man the ropes that drew him and his two confederates up to the yard.

Brutal as these punishments seem, the commanders and fleet officers were dead will within the

all the crew and officers were obliged to man the ropes that drew him and his two confederates up to the yard.

Brutal as these punishments seem, the commanders and fleet officers acted well within the law and naval regulations of the day, as approved by Congress, the Secretary, and President. A story is told of a naval commander who anchored his ship in the harbor of Boston in the early provincial days. Shortly after his arrival he was arrested for "walking about on shore on the Lord's day," and was sentenced to the stocks. He was boiling with rage when set free, but with great self-control told his tormentors that he had been led to see the error of his ways and had become converted to their views. He then patiently waited until the ship was ordered home, when he invited a dozen of the principal magistrates, including selectmen and ministers, to a fareweil dinner. He got his ship under way and wont down the harbor towing their boat astern. An elegant dinner was served and wine flowed freely, as was the custom, even among religious people, in "yeolden time." The party became very joily, when suddenly in the midst of the hilarity a number of sailors and marines appeared at the cabin door. The Captain, in a neat and effective speech, told his guests that be had long awaited this happy hour, when he could repay their harbor. He explained that it was eminently proper after such a dinner as they had enjoyed that the fleah should be mortified, and then orword his pale and trembling guests to be taken to the spar deck, where a unique reception awaited them. The crew were gathered aft, gratings were placed, and a brawny bo's n's mate, with bared arm and cat-o'nine tails, stood before each. The guests were quickly stripped, firmly secured to the gratings, and, to quote the language of the chronicler, "in a very few minutes their backs were raw from the napos of their necks to their hams."

The swoat box was a feature of old-style puntament and was in existence in the sox in the vicinity of the face for breathing. Trici

same offence he could transfer the outfit to him, and the second unfortunate took up the duties of the first.

One punishment that sallors tried hard to avoid was that of having their grog stopped, but when through the influence of Admiral Foote grog was no longer served in the navy, and grog money was substituted in its stead, that effective mode of disciplining sallors was lost. Slowly and steadily, by wise legislation, more numans methods were substituted, following in the steps of prison reform on shore. As one by one the harsh and brutal punishments were shannoned others came in which were but a degree less severe. Florging went out in 1850, but men were confined in dark, unhealthful places for long periods on bread and water. Men were not triced up, but they were obliged to hang on the inside of the rigging or to "ride the gray mare," which was to ride the spanker boom when the spanker was set and sheet eased well off, giving to the boom a swinging jerky motion that made Jack hold on for dear life.

Naval Secretaries and many naval officers, like Admiral Foote, who was both a here and a Christian, have devoted much thought to naval discipline, and their efforts to effect reforms have been crowned with success. The Navy Regulation book, or Blue Book, as it was commonly called, was thoroughly revised. Punishments were specified for almost every offense. The cells for confinement on shipboard were made larrier and well ventilated. No cruel or unusual punishment was permitted. The sweathor disappeared. There was no tricing up, no riding the gray mare, no manning the inside of the legislate. For an officer to strike a man would now result in disalassi; to curse a subordinate would bring auspension and loss of Day. An officer who has a sincorrigible rescal, in froms, placing him is a boat and drop-

ping it far astern of the ship, where his foul abuse of the officers and police of the ship could not be heard. Much sympathy was expressed with the officer, who was an old officer, but the course he took was unlawful and unnecessary. There were plenty of legal methods of punishing the man of which he failed to take advantage. The governing of several hundred men on shipboard by a handful of officers is a difficult task, and firm discipline must be maintained or serious consequences will follow. But the more just and humane the laws have become the simpler has been the task. Rewards for good conduct in extra liberty, extra money allowance, badges and promotions are the incentives to observe discipline. The possession of an honorable discharge is of great advantage to the manof-war's man to-day. Those who offend against the laws of the ship and of the navy are now judged calmly and dispassionately. All minor offences are investigated each morning at the mast. Thither the Cantain repairs at 10 A. M., accompanied by the executive or second in command and the officer in charge of the deck. The Captain cannot delegate this duty to a subordinate. The offenders are brought to the mast, which is the forward end of the quarter deck, by the master-at-arms and the corporal of the guard. Those making the reports are present also. Each offender is called to the front and the report is read and explained by the one making it. Jack has a chance to defend himself, witnesses often being called on either side. If he is guilty, a punishment is awarded such as deprivation of liberty, confinement for three monts in Irons, single or double, or diminished rations, but not to exceed ten days, or he may be declassified from first to second, or even to fourth, which punishment than this, he may be ordered before a summary court, and if still greater, then before a general court. Summary courts martial are made up from the officers of the ship, generally three, and a recorder. They may punish by confinement for three months in Irons, sin THE CLUB FOR OUR BLOCK. ping it far astern of the ship, where his foul

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT AND THE END OF IT.

How the Club Was Founded—The Notable Per sons Who Belonged to It—The Men Who Spoke at Rt—Sin Glowing Prospects—The First and the Last Serimmage at It. Two years ago THE SUN printed a sketch bearing the title, "Great Men on the Block," and the sub-title, "Notables Swarm All Over This the sub-title, Metropolis," followed by five other titular lines: They May Run as High as Eight or Ten on a Favored Block-There Are Some, for Sure, on Almost Every Block-A Man Who Made a

Search for Them, and Who Tells How Many of Them He Found." The narrative was that of a sprightly citizen living in a street on the west side of the city. above Eightieth street, running from Central Park toward the Hudson River, whose domicile was on the upper side of a block wholly lined with rather stylish apartment houses. Boon after he took up his abode there he learned that a number of notable men lived on the block-his side of it-among whom were a play-actor, a statesman, an inventor, a pettifogger, a crippled soldier of the great war, a poet, a fiddler, a preacher, and a mysterious individual whom the boys called "Old Phoenix."

In the narrative, these were the following words: "The greatness of any block in New York is relative to the greatness of the men who live upon it." Here, then, was a block worth talking about. At the same time it was suggested that one could find notables on almost every other block in the city, for there must be at least ten thousand of them among us, and that any resident of any block would very surely be rewarded for any researches he might

make on the block. The ten thousand are scatered all over the city, from the Battery upward. The parrative that was printed in THE SUN wo years ago created great interest in the dwellers upon the block, most of whom saw at once that their own block was the one referred to. None of them had roalized previously how rich in intellect was the block; but all of them were pleased to gain the knowledge which was imparted to them in THE SUN's parrative. The lenizens of the block—the upper side of it—then pairment of his heaith. The surgeon must visit the prisoners in the cells frequently and report their condition.

It was formerly the custom to confine a man for months on bread and water. In later years men so sentenced received a full ration at least every fifth day, and within a month a department circular calls attention to the frequency of this punishment, and practically informs the officers that such sentences will not be approved except in aggravated cases.

Formerly the State prison at Weathersfield, Conn., was selected as the place of confinement for sailors. The discipline there was said to be very severe, and its government was on the silent system. Now sailors are sent to naval prisons, the one at Boston being a model in every respect. Marines guard it, and there is no jail breaking. The men work in squads cleaning up the yard every other day. For years they endured simple confinement because politicians objected to their doing contract work. All punishments by the commanding officer or by his order, and the sentences of general and summary courts that are read on the quarter deck must all be fully entered on the ship's log. Reports go to the commanding officer daily and weekly, and through him to the department monthly and quarterly of punishments that have been awarded on board. Conduct books are carefully kept so that the good men may be known and rewarded while the bad are punished. The crew are classified from special first class to fourth class. Thus every safeguard is thrown around them.

The day of the cat is gone into the dim pash. No men that go to sea to-day are better treated than are Uncle Sam's sailors, and no crews affoat are better disciplined. They show it in their free, maily bearing, and the great improvement of the men of to-day over those of fifty years ago is due to the justice and consideration shown to them. began to make the acquaintance of one another. The statesman accosted the play-actor one day: 'Are you the Roscius who was spoken of in THE SUNI" "Aye, I am, by my halberd!" They shook hands, smiled, and were friends. In like namer the poet took occasion to accost the fiddler, and the inventor the cripple, and the pettiforger the preacher, and each man the other all along the block for a week after the narrative had appeared in THE SUN. Each of the notables was glad to meet another on the block. There was friendship from No. 1, the first house on the line at Central Park West to the next corner as you approach the Hudson. upon which corner there was a lager beer saloon. Thus things went on for weeks and weeks. Whenever a dweller on the block met another on the block each of them nodded, both smiled. the two shook hands, and words of compliment were exchanged. "I would like to hear you preach," said the actor to the pastor. "You'll

were exchanged. "I would like to hear you preach," said the actor to the pastor. "You'll win fortune yet," said the statesman to the inventor. "I'm proud that you gained your case in court," said the poet to the pettifogger, who admired the other's poetry. "How d've!" said old Phonix to the fiddler. And so things went all the time. That block was one that a Quaker would like to live on, for the sake of peace, fraternity, and the soul. In course of time the sunggestion was made that the notables on the block ought to form a club for better acquaintance, mutual improvement, and general enlightenment. The idea struck the block, spreast from house to house, and mounted from the ground floor to the top story of each of the arartment buildings. It was the talk of the block, and the only adversaries it had were several middle-aged women, who despised all their neighlors. A meeting to organize the club, at which affiteen men were present, was held, and the statesman offered to set apart the front room of his domictle, which was on the first floor, as headquarters for the genial spirits of the block. It was agreed that the club's name should be "The Club for Our Block," that it should meet every Saturday evening at S, hat men only should be eligible for membership, and that there should be no entrance fees or assessments. At this first meeting it was ascertained that there were more notables on the block than the few who had been spoken in by The Sun's narrative. Besides these few there were a college professor, a sea Captain, an electrician, a noveliet, a chess player, an artist, and

THE SUN'S narrative. Besides these few there were a college professor, a sea Captain, an electrician, a novelist, a choss player, an artist, and a Wall street sharp. This was not so very surprising after all; for, as there are many thousands of such people in the city, there must be some of them on almost every block. The club adjourned for a week.

When next Saturday night came twenty men, all of whom lived on the block, were at the club's headquarters in the front room of the statesman's habitation on the first floor. It was a great occasion. Each member congratulated every other; there were brains in the place; there were merriment and good cheer.

After much dialogue it was agreed that the next, or third Saturday night's meeting of the club, should last from 8 till 10; that the views of members upon chosen themes should be freely given; for example, the actor should speak of posts on the edge of the teamway. He took out a cigar and chewed the end of it.

She threw her flowered waist sleeves around his neck from behind. She cooed and pleaded. He shook his head and chewed the cigar.

"Might at least take the part of a gentleman!" she cried, standing off a few feet. "That is all I ask. I had a right to expect that."

He took the cigar out of his mouth to laugh a short, hard laugh.

"Well," she said, and she sobbed, "there's out thing left!"

She turned and hurried, almost running, to the rear end of the boat. One or two women on of members upon chosen themes should be reely given; for example, the actor should speak of the stage, the novelist of literature, the states man of statesmanship, the artist of pictures, the pettifogger of jurisprudence, the inventor of his latest novelty, the cripple of his battles, and the fiddler of Paganini. It was also agreed that on the ensuing Saturday night, when the first regularly organized session of the club would be held, no speaker should occupy more than ten minutes. Thus, in the two hours of the meeting, twelve of the members of the club would have a chance to put their talents on exhibition and to win the honors of the block.

The whole of the twenty members of the club were then on hand, and the first thing that came out was that there was indignation among those residents upon the block who had not been invited to the meeting. They said it was a humbing club, made up of all the fools on the block. The statesman, when he took the chair, spoke

bug club, made up of all the fools on the bloca.

The statesman, when he took the chair, spoke in silvery tones: "The subject to be taken up first is the stage, which has been assigned to the modern Roscius, the friend of every man on the

bug club, made up of all the fools on the block. The statesman, when he took the chair, stoke in silvery tones: "The subject to be taken up first is the stage, which has been assigned to the modern Roscius, the friend of every man on the block." "The stage is dead!" exclaimed the actor, as soon as he arose. "We had great tragedians in other times, when Edwin Forrest and Charlotte Cushman were on the boards. There are great performers yet in France, Italy, England, and Germany; but what man or woman adorns the higher drama in this motropolis of imbedility? Hericage in the foots and women in tights about a strength of the foots and women in tights abouted a strength of the foots and women in tights abouted a strength of the foots and women in tights abouted a strength of the foots and women in tights abouted a strength of the foots and women in tights abouted a strength of the foots and women in tights abouted a strength of the foots and the foots are the foots and the ticular helibenders came from Ohio. They were in a wall tank, and the rats are supposed to have dived for them and taken them out, which some rats are quite canable of doing.

The rats found in the Aquarium are of the kind that might be expected to be found on the water front, big wharf rats, that can dive and swim. At one time and another they have taken out of the Aquarium tanks a considerable number of smaller fish, remains of which have been found about the building. Rats are supposed to be accountable for the disappearance of two frogs that were missed some time ago. A rat once descended upon the back of a big snapping turtle in the Aquarium; the marks of its teeth were plainly visible in the turtle's shell.

The rats are supposed to sit on the edge of the tanks and watch for fish and go for them when the fish come up near the top of the water, where the rats can get at them with the least possible trouble. It is also certain, however, that they will dive for fish. On two occasions, at night, rats have been captured in a tank. In the daytime when there is somebody about the tanks all the time there is no danger from them; they make their forays at night. Watchinen pass frequently around all the corridors back of the tanks to see that the fish are all right, but the rats take their chances in the intervals.

Formerly cats were kept in the Aquarium, but the fondness of cats for fish is notorious, and after one of the day shape and and had been observed sitting on the rim of the great pool watching the sharks and dogfish go round, and had been seen, with grim carnestness, to make a swat with its paw at one of the dogfish as it came along—a fish that it couldn't have begun to handle if it had caught it—the cats were all dismissed and other means were taken to keep the rats out.

A very simple way of protecting the fishes, and one that is used to some extent, is by means of wire screens, which are laid over the tops of the tanks to feed and care for the fishes is des fable, and screens of a suitable character a

are other things, and you can't make them work. Had we a Daniel Webster in the Sensie, or the right kind of a man in the White House, the American people, 70,000,000 strong, would all be as happy as clams in high water. If we don't have a change you'll all go up in a balloon, and then, where will this election district, or this block, look for a straight-out, never-surrender, cast-iron, true-blue, rock-ribbed representative? Here there were cries of "Hi-vi!" from twelve of the eighteen men remaining in the club room, and one of them was heard to say. "You're a statesman, sure, anybow!"

"Fellow cliticess!" exclaimed the Chair, "I will not be insulted in my own house by any man in this rabble." He paused, "But, as I would like it that all should depart with pleasant feelings, I will now call upon our old friend, the ship Captain, the mariner, to tell us some lively stories from the stormy main, about the sea serpent or anything else."

The Captain, who spoke without rising from his chair, was sorry that he had no good rollicking yarns ready for this occasion, but would look up some for the next meeting of the club.

The electrician was next asked to make a statement concerning anything new in his line. He replied that there was nothing particularly new in these days, as far as he kept the run of things. Here the artist became uneasy, and slipped out of the place, followed by the inventor, so that sixteen men were left to wind up the proceedings. The pettifogger had waited for his turn till it was nearly 10 o'clock, and when at last his name came up under the head of "jurisprudence," he merely remarked that, as the hour was late, and as it would require some hours to develop his subject in the right way, he would seek for an opportunity at the next meeting of the club.

Then, finally, the statesman in the chair, who had won back his self-command, and was anxious to please, gave notice that the last speaker of the evening would be the distinguished fiddler of the fiddler arose, and in low tones remarked that it wa

The fiddler arcse, and in low lones remarked that it was originally his purpose to speak of Paganini, but that he had changed his mind and would deliver an argument upon a matter of far greater Importance, the financial question, which absorbed the public mind in these peril-

ous times.
"Go on!" cried several men.
"I'm a goldbug, out and out," he began, his

voice rising.

About half of the men murmured or groaned, and one of them muttered, "You don't know much."

The speaker told the club that he was determined to be heard, appealed to the states and gave The speaker told the club that he was determined to be heard, appealed to the statesman in the chair for protection, and gave warning that if any silverites interrupted his argument they would wish they hadn't.

"The adoption of the true and universal standard of value, which is gold," he resumed.

About half of the crowd were in a high dudgeon; they growled and flared up.

The fiddler spoke in tones that were flerce.
"I can prove to any ignorant and dishonorable silverite," he thundered.
"No, you can't."

"I can prove to any ignorant and dishonorable silverite," he thundered.

"No, you can't."

"Will you listen to me!"

"Oh, play the fiddle, you fool."

A member of the club approached him in a menacing way. The speaker made for him, They clinched. More of the men joined in the melde. It was a rough and tumble affair. The statesman who had been in the chair roared for order, declared that his house had been disgraced, opened the door, told everybody to get out, cried "Police!" and in stenturian voice declared that the "Club for Our Block" was dissolved, never to meet again.

The struggle ended when the members of the club saw the stars from the street at midnight, and each of them made tracks for his own domicile on the block. There has been plenty of ill-humor among the denizens of the intellectual block ever since that time; and the statesman has cut the acquaintance of every man who lives there.

STRIKE LEADERS' METHODS.

Miners' Correspondence Which Tells the Truth About the Present Coal Strike.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 21,-Here is a letter, pahetic in the simple honesty of its tone, written by a miner in the employ of the New York and veland Gas Coal Company to the paster of his church. It reveals the actual condition of things at the mines of the company at Turtle Creek, Plum Creek, and Oak Hill, under siege by striking miners:

"BELOVED PASTOR AND BROTHER: I suppose on have noticed in the papers that we have troublesome times at Turtle Creek. There are thousands of miners, all outsiders, encamped in and about Turtle Creek. They march around every morning trying to keep our company's men from going to work, and, I am sorry to say, very nearly succeeded in bringing out the Oak Hill miners, at which mine I am working. Up to date I am still working, and, if the law proects me, I will, with the Lord's help, continue to work. You will doubtiess know that we have a yearly contract with our company. It rons till November. Besides, I heartily approve of Mr. De Armitt's uniformity plan. By its adoution at least many of the abuses which dishonest operators practice could be corrected. In the face of this I think would be wrong for me to strike, especially as I have no grievance against the company, for Mr. De Armitt has always been very kind to me. Now, dear pastor, I do not pretend to know it all. I therefore would like to have your advice or opinion on the course I should take in this matter. Will you please, dear pastor, let me hear from you as soon as you can."

The writer of the above letter is an American name is not published because lication might place him and the little property he owns in peril. The advice of the pastor in reply to the letter was for the man to remain at work, which the man has done, despite the fact that his life has been threatened for so doing.

In a desk at his office W. P. De Armitt, Presi dent of the New York and Cleveland Gas Cost Company, has fully 200 letters received by him from miners of the company who have remained at work, all of the same general tenor, telling of

Company, has fully 200 letters received by him from miners of the company who have remained at work, aft of the same general tenor, telling of the perits besetting them and their families from the striking miners surrounding them and their hymes. The conduct of the thousands of marching strikers besieging the De Armitt mines has been heraided alroad as wonderfully penopable and free from disorder and intimidation, but this remarkable lot of letters received by President De Armitt tells an entirely different tale. The letters were written in confidence by the men to their cumployer, and they recite a giory of the true situation of affairs at the De Armitt mines and of the means used by the invading strikers to compel men to quit work.

The writers of the letters generally complain bitterly that they, as American citizens, with no grievances of any kind against the coupuny, perfectly satisfied with their condition and winges, and desirous of continuing to work, must be dictated to by an irresponsible herde of Slavs, Poles, Hungarlans, Italians and Beigians, argued on by agitators, and the lives of themselves and their families must be threatened daily because they dare to exercise the privilege of American citizens to labor. Most of the letters lay stress on this point. One letter says:

"The leaders of this gaig get up in public and preach peace and keep within the law, and in private tell their dupes to knock us on the head with clubs and wring our necks."

Many of the letters tell about efforts of the strikers and their leaders to break up the families of the writers, while the writers are at work in the mines, by trying to induce wives to describ their fathers. Falling to accomplish anything in this direction, the writers assert, the emissaries of the strikers insulit heae wives and daughters, terrorize them, and threaten their homes to go roaming about the camps of the strikers are for the camps of the strikers some of the camps of the strikers was an eleaded. This woman is denounced as a founce of mischief,

Supposed to Be the Bones of Massault.

From the Indianapolic Journal.

Anderson, Ind., Aug. 6.—On the old Myers nomestead in central Anderson this afternoon workmen exhumed the skeleton it is believed workmen exhumed the skeleton it is believed of Chief Massaoit, a leader in Chief Anderson's tribe, which was located here many years ago and after which this city was named. The skeleton was well preserved and in a sitting position, surrounded by Indian relics, including spear heads, darts, and tomahawks. Hundreds of Andersonians have visited the spot to-day. J. L. Forkner, Judge W. R. West, J. W. Stansbery, W. R. Croan, and J. W. Pence are among the prominent citizens who are confident the bones uncarined are those of Massaoit, and all the older citizens of the city accept this theory.

From the Tipton Record. From the Toton Record.

Here is a fish story that was told us by Mr. W. R. Whitesides last Monday: J. W. Dawson, Tom Blankenship. Bill Morton and John Burleson went to Long Lake last week. There is a large hollow cypress stump in the lake, and they put bagging around the holes at the bottom, then went on top and stirred the fish out, and caught 300 carfash and two large turtles in their improvised seine made of bagging. The fish were frightened out of the stump and ran late the bogs.

"One of the notable incidents of early days in he Pennsylvania oil regions was John Prather's \$3,000,000 ride from Oil City to Pittsburg," said Byron G. Smith of Cleveland, "and I was the man that started him on it. I call it his \$3,000,-000 ride because by taking that ride he made \$1,000,000 apiece for himself and his two brothers. When he mounted his horse at Oil City that January morning in 1865 the three of them combined didn't have \$10,000. I was an oilwell driller, and it was a few idle strokes of my drill in a wildcat well that I was about to draw the tools out of and abandon that sent John Prather flying on horseback on that ninety-mile ride to fortune-and he didn't have a cent's worth of interest in the well, either.

"In the summer of 1864 I was employed by one of the myriad, wildcat oil companies that came into existence during the early petroleum excitement to put down a well on territory it had leased of a farmer named Holmden. The territory was seven or eight miles beyond what was then believed to be the limit of the Oil Creek district. The company had an Immense capital on paper, but it actually had none at all. It was formed solely to dispose of its stock. That it be came suddenly one of the wealthiest companies ever organized in the oil regions, and was enabled to pay enormous dividends to its sharesolders, was to no one as much of a surprise as t was to the projectors themselves. The Holmden farm wasn't worth \$3,000 all told, but John Prather, who was a son-in-law of Holden, having watched the methods and manipulations of oil and speculators on the creek for a year or more, believed he saw a possibility of doing some profitable speculation on the Holmden farm him self.

"The company that had begun operations on the property was booming it, and speculators not in the field were beginning to make anxious and eager inquiries about it. John Prather and his brothers Abe and George owned a farm at Plumer, and oil had been struck near it. He induced his brothers to his way of thinking about the Holmden farm, and John went to his father-in-law and on the part of himself and his brothers made him an offer of \$25,000 for the refusal of that part of his farm not leased by the oil company, the option to be for sixty days. The security the Prathers had to give was not worth \$25,000 nor anything like it, it being simply their farm at Plumer, but the offer itself was tremendous. Farmer Holmden, not believing the boys could raise that much money in sixty days, and seeing better prospect for oil on the Prather farm at Plumer than there was on his own farm, accepted the offer and signed papers to that effect.
"'I hate to do the boys out o' their farm,' old

Holmden said to me the day he signed the papers, 'especially as Johnny's my son-in-law, but if they don't know a good thing when they've got it, I can't help it.'

"This was along in November, I kept pegging away at the well I was drilling, and the Prather boys began negotiating for a customer for their territory on the strength of that well. They wanted \$100,000 for their part of the farm. I found good signs of oil, but no vein. I got clear through the third sand, which was as

farm. I found good signs of oil, but no vein. I got clear through the third sand, which was as deep as we drilled in those days, and reported to the company that there was no use. I had orders to keep still and go on drilling. There was a few hundred thousand dollars worth of stock to be unloaded on the public yet. The Prather boys saw that something had to be done with their territory pretty quick or not at all, and George Prather was sent to Pittsburg to work it up. This was about the first of January 1865, just about the time that my drill entered what had never been found in oil well drilling before—a fourth sand. The weather was such that we had to shut down then, whether or no, and even if I could have gone on with the drill I wouldn't have taken any stock in that fourth sand.

"Toward the middle of January there came a big break up and this, and the Superintendent of the company ordered me to take the tools out of the well while I had the chance, for the company ordered me to take the tools out of the well while I had the chance, for the company bad no more use for it—having disposed of more than \$8500,000 of its \$1,000,000 of stock, and the whole business hada't coat it \$25,000. I went over to the well and started to obey orders, but before pulling the tools I thought I would see, just for curiosity stake, if there was any kind of depth to that fourth sand. I set the drill to jogging, and it han't bored into that sand more than a foot when it dropped plumb into the oil vein, and I had a well that was flowing oil at the rate of 300 barrels a day! There had been sponters few times as big as that along Oil Creek, but they'd had their day, and the pump was then getting most of the oil in the region, so his strike, seven miles beyond develorments, in a wildcat country, just set the oil field wild. This well was on Pithole Creek, and it was the starter of Pithole City, where there were 15,000 people in less than two months, and millions of—but every body knows the story of Pithole.

the story of Pithoie.

"Well, sir., you may imagine how John and Abe Prather felt when they heard what my idle stroke of the drill had struck, and you may imagine the feelings of old man Holmden. He had bargained away land for \$25.000-provided the boy's could raise the money in time—that was now worth a million at least. John Prather was now worth a million at least. John Prather Pittsburg to stop all negotiations for the property that he might have on. No answer was received. Fearing that the farm would be sold by George at figures which, although a fortune, would now be but a song, John and Abe were nearly crazed. There was no railroad communication with any place from Oil City then. Telegram after telegram remaining unanswered, and the could find, mounted it early next morning, and started for Pittsburg to find his brother. He never left the saddle to eat or drink, and changed horses but once on the entire journey, which he made in nine hours, arriving at Pittsburg to learn that his brother had a customer in Padiatelphia for the Holmden property, and had gone to that city the day bedience at Paliadelphia, but got no reply. Then he followed him on the fastest team that ran on the Pennsylvania Railroad in those days, and that wasn't very fast. He arrived in Pidladelphia all right, but if he had got there one minute later the tame of Harrison W. Woods would be among those on the Woods would be among those on the Wood of an inflomative in place of the followed him on the fastest team that ran on the Holmden farm. It is hardly necessary to say that the news carried by John Prather to his brother George on the sieps of the Girard House just as he was on his way, in company with a lawyer, to close a transaction with Woods, who had offered \$100.000 cash for the Prather boys option on the Holmden farm. It is hardly necessary to say that the news carried by John Prather to his brother George on the sieps of the Girard House just as he was on his way, in company with a lawyer, to close a transaction with Woods, who had

PRATHER'S \$3,000,000 RIDE.

SPEEDING NINETY MILES ON HORSE-BACK TO SAVE A FORTUNE.

**Bow the life Curiosity of a Priller of a Wildert Well for a Paise Oil Company Made Millionaires of All Concerned, and Started the Boom That Resulted in Pithole's Riches "One of the notable incidents of early days in the property of the utter collapse and abandoning of the place had never reached him in his sectuation in Scotland. The committee went home and reported that there was no such place as Pithole, and consequently no church there to receive \$20,000. No explanation was made further than that, and on this evidence the Court decided that Duncan must have been insance when he made his will, and the millions he had made in the place that the committee said had made in the place that the committee said had made in the place that the committee said had made in the place that the committee said had made in the place that the committee said had made in the place that the committee was no such place as Pithole, and consequently no church there to receive \$20,000. No explanation was made further than that, and on this evidence the Court decided that Duncan must have been insance of carried that the place that the committee was no such place as Pithole, and consequently no church there to receive \$20,000. No explanation was made further than that, and on this evidence the Court decided that Duncan the place that Duncan the place that the committee was no such place as Pithole, and consequently no church there to receive \$20,000. No explanation was made further than that, and on this evidence the Court decided that Duncan the place that D

Duncan built a \$30,000 hotel at Pithole—the Duncan House. After Pithole's collapse the hotel was purchased by some Oil City men, who took it down and rebuilt it, in its original form, at Oil City, where it was the leading hotel for several years. It at last became unprofitable and was abandoned. For years it was a retreat for rats and tramps and owls. It was sold finally for \$50, and was torn down and sold as lirewood—the last visible relic of the golden days that the idle strokes of my wildcat drill brought like magic to that barren, isolated Pithole wilderness."

SPIRITS IN KENTUCKY.

The Disembodied, Not the Disembottled, Kind Making Excitement for the Natives. From the Courter-Journal.

The residents of Muldragh, a summer resort much frequented by Louisville people and located about twenty-eight miles from this city on the Illinois Central Railroad in Meade county, are just now in the midst of a six weeks' sensation, in which spirits other than the kind Kentucky has made famous figure. Tom Gill, who occupies a small cottage near the town, is the present possessor of a rough wooden coffin filled with clothes and trinkets which formerly belonged to his dead brother, but about which there has been from time to time considerable controversy, For the past six weeks mysterious knocking have proceeded from the coffin, and in spite of watchful investigation, both by the enlightened and the ignorant in the n ighborhood, no one has yet been able to account for the noises. The story back of the rappings and the one upon which the theory of spirits is built is quite an

story back of the rappings and the one upon which the theory of spirits is built is quite an interesting one.

Nine years ago Zach Gill got into a quarrel with Widow McCarthy about a cow. He way-laid her on the road and shot her dead with a shotgen. He was arrested and convicted, but through the testimony of the late Dr. H. K. Puscy he was adjudged insane and sent to the asylum for the insane at Lakeland. He died two years after he was taken to the asylum and his remains were placed in one of the rough wooden coffins provided by the State and sent to the man's widow. In the box were placed the man's clothes and other belongings. The body was placed in a coffin provided by the family, and the clothes and the trinkets were left in the rough wooden box.

Tom Gill, a brother of the unfortunate man, claimed all these things, but the dead man's widow refused to give them up. She set the grewsome relie in the attle, and there it remained up to a few months ago, when she died. Tom Gill at once took possession of the coffin and its contents and removed them to his home, a short distance away. At the same time a son of the late Zach Gill claimed that the things belonged to him, but Tom would not listen to his contention. After Tom had the things he was put to some trouble to dispose of them. He finally set the coffin out on the porch in plain sight of the people who pass the hoads daily.

For some time nothing out of the ordinary occurred. About six weeks ago, however, strange noises began to be heard. Tom Gill, indeed, was awakened by rappings apparently on his door, which is immediately behind the coffin. The rappings disturbed his sleep. He got up and opened the door, and was net all title surprised to find no one about. He shut the door and again retired. He had hardly streiched himself when the rappings were repeated, He again got up and still found no one at the door. He believed that some one was playing a practical joke on him, so instead of going inmediately back to bed he

raigings were repeated. He again got up and still found no one at the door. He believed that some one was playing a practical joke on him, so instead of going immediately back to bed he stood up behind the door, which he left unlocked. As soon as the rappings were repeated he jerked the door open, leaving no time for any practical joker to get out of the way. No one was there. Then it was that his attention was attracted by a peculiar tapping in the coffin. He got a lantern and opened the coffin, taking out all the clothes and examining them carefully. His search was unrewarded. As soon as he shut down the coffin lid the rappings were repeated. By this time he was in a highly excited and nervous state, so he hastily sought refuge in the house and tightly locked the door. Since then not a day or night has passed that the knocking has not been heard. The story that spirits had begun to visit Tom Gill's home soon attracted every villager to the haunted soot, and scarcely a day passes that a group of curious people cannot be found about the coffin waiting to hear the strange noise.

These mysterious sounds have afforded diversing for about fifty louisable bearders at the the coffin waiting to hear the strange noise.

These mysterious sounds have afforded diversion for about fifty Louisville bearders at the
Twin Caves Hotel, a short distance away. They hold nightly ghost parties and sit about the coffin in solemn state waiting for the solrit to materialize. They have opened the coffin but have been unable to discover any cause for the peculiar bhenomenon. The ignorant say that it is the spirit of old Zach Gill trying to tell to whom the clothes should be given.

IMAGINATION MAKES HIM DRUNK.

Gates was well to do and looked upon the wine when it was red and took sundry glances at other liquors of diverse colors and powers. Reore his property was all gone cataracts came upon both of his eyes, making him totally blind. For the last ten years he has lived in utter darkness, and has been fairly temperate, because he could not afford to purchase fiquor.

Two or three times a year the old hankering comes on, and then he scrapes together what money he can spare and sends to Ellsworth for a quart or a half gallon of strong New England rum. No sooner has he given his order than he

a quart or a half gallon of strong New England rum. No sooner has he given his order than he proceeds to become jolly, laughing and singing like a man who is half tipsy. His pulse rises steadily until it reaches 100 beats a minute, and his eyes become set and watery. Finally, after having a royal time and smashing a lot of furniture, he staggere off to bed and lies in a stunor until the rum arrives. Though he may have taken nothing stronger than tea and water he wakes up with headaches and trembling limbs, like a man who has been on a protracted spree, and uses the rum which he has bought for the purpose of sobering up.

The case is so peculiar that medical men from all over Malne and New England have visited the old man for the purpose of putting his alleged inciriation to a test. They can talk with him about drinking and sing bacchanalian sought him for hours without producing any effect; but as soon as one of his visitors promises to hay liquor for him and lets him take the money, Gates gets hilarious and follows up the self-created bilarity until he is in that condition which is popularly known as a just. One time when fluore had been promised him and had failed to arrive the old man had an attack of delirium tremens which came near killing him. Since then the expected stimulants have always arrived on time. A New York doctor who is staying in Blue Hill this summer and making experiments upon Gates says it is the most puzzling case he has ever seen, and when he gets back to the city he will write it up for a medical journal. Meantine old man faites get and the host puzzling case he has ever seen, and when he gets back to the city he will write it up for a medical journal. Meantine old man faites get and thus to hop the course he highes he had an advented to be plugare him that he has money enough to buy liquor to make him sober again. Remembering the former attack of delirium tremes he is controlling his indignation and will take nobody's word without cash.

NEW, READY-MADE STATE

PENINSULA OF MICHIGAN WANTS TO ADD A STAR TO THE FLAG.

teriral of the Proposition to Take a Strip from Michigan and a Tier of Countles from Northern Wisconsin and Create a New

"What has become of the proposition to carve new State from the northern end of Wisconsin f" asked a SUN reporter of a Wisconsin mas ho is spending a few days in the metropolis. "If it had not been for the excitement and intense feeling of the last campaign, the movement would have been pushed," was the answer,

"I suppose," the Wisconsin man continued, that there are not many people in the East who know that such a proposition has been seriously considered. Yet I expect to live to see the new State of Superior and its star to the flag. There is nothing visionary in the proposts tion. There are no syndicates connected with it. You see this new State will come out of two States, Michigan and Wisconsin, The Michigan alice is what is known as the Upper Peninsula, and the Wisconsin slice is that end of the State which lies north of a straight line running from Green Bay west to the Mississippi River. Lake Superior and a bit of Minnesota constitute

the northern boundary. There are no deserts or undiscovered spots in this territory. Taking the last census and allowing for the usual increase, deducting the fellows who have the Klondike fever, these two slices which we propose to make into one State contain a population of half a million. Both in area and shape the new State will be similar to Kentucky. Lake Superior, Lake Huron, and Lake Michigan wash the northern

similar to Kentucky. Lake Superior, Lake
Huron, and Lake Michigan wash the northerm
and eastern shores and a part of the southerm
shore. The 'Soo' divides it from the province
of Ontario. Mackinae Island is a part of it. The
inexhaustible iron and ropper country of Gozebic, Iron, and Ontonagon is here, yieiding, as it
has been yielding for years, enough mineral to
simply the whole world, if the output of all
other mines should stop this minute.

"The towns, cities, raifroids, and universities
are already in the territory. Some of these
cities would surprise many people in New York
who have queer conceptions of the country west
of Buffalo. And when it comes to scenery, nature has favored our section. I do not want to
talk about these things, however; the raifroad
people can do that, and there is no danger that
they will overdraw. I wish some of your New
York people who talk about the beauties of the
upper bay and Long Island Sound could sail
into Duluth harbor at sunset. It is the fineso
natural harbor in the world, and the picture
around it is equal to any lever saw. And as lor
Apostle Islands in Lake Superior, within sight
of a beautiful little city in the hills of Wisconsin, there is nothing on the New England coast
like that bit of scenery.

"I have been asked why it is proposed to
make a new State out of these slices. First,
politics. That was the starter. You see, or you
will if you take an atlas and study it, the northern peninsula of Michigan is cut off by Lake
Michigan. Four or six months in the year
there is no communication between the main
section of the State and the peninsula except by
roundabout travel. The people of the peninsula
were unable to participate as often in the political deliberations of the main section as
was necessary for their wellare. I think it
was lismarck who said, 'feeling has nothing to
do with politics.' The capital is in the main section of the State, and so is the metropolis, Detroit. I reckon I need not tell any New Yorker
what the metropolis of a State and

and in that was the beginning of the new State proposition.

The mineral resources of the peninsula naturally attracted wealth. The development of the mines drew upon the resources of other States, and the result is that there are more well-built towns on the peninsula than in the main section of the State. The peninsula and northern Wisconsin became thickly peopled, and as the boom was well founded and the mines surprisingly successful, the country has had a healthy development. The peninsula has paid the bulk of the taxes of the State. It has paid the bulk of the taxes of the State. It has furnished all the advertising of the State. It has please, this peninsula has been the press agents to Michigan; but, unlike most press agents, it has made no misrepresentations and told no fairy tales.

please, this peninsula has been the press agents of Michigan; but, unlike most press agenta, it has made no misrepresentations and told no fairy tales.

"I have interests in Duluth and it is a rabiting town, but the town across the bay. West Superior, which will be the metropolis of the new State, is as far in advance of Duluth as New York is shead of Boston. I suppose you have heard of Isle Hoyal? It is a wonderful islead in Lake Superior worthy of the name. Away off to the northeast of Duluth it should, naturally, belong to Canada, or, if to this country, to Minnesota. It is off the line of travel, and virtually heacessible six months in the year. People who live on the island lay in their supply for the wanter as carry as November, then haul in the gangplank and have a good time. This island is a part of Michigan? They used to tell a story of the man who represented the island in the Legislature, for they have given it a representative. He left home one morning on a dog sled, and was hauled down on the ice to Duluth, where he took a train for Chicago, and from there by an-Physicians Puzzled by the Case of a Reformed
Teper in Maine.

Blue Hill, Me., Aug. 21.—Physicians who have looked into the case of Cyrus Gates, an old man living in a farmhouse near the abandoned copper mines, says he is a hypnotic drunkard, a man who gets intoxicated from the effects of his own imagination. Years ago

to go to the back yard and use the pump.

"The story illustrated the indifference of the people of the main portion of the State to any one who lived on the peninsula. Of course all that prejudice has died out, but mainly for the reason that the peninsula has taken care of itself. The more intelligent people of the main section of the State are now in favor of the new State, and it was agreed, at one time, to send a delegation to Washington from both sections of Michigan and northern Wisconsin to take the first step toward the formation of the new State. I was a member of the delegation from my town. The matter was postponed for several reasons which I do not care to give, but I can assure you that the proposition has not been abandoned, and the next star on the flag will represent the State of Superior.

that the proposition has not been abandoned, and the next star on the flag will represent the State of Superior.

"Wisconsin is willing to give up its northern there of counties in the formation of this new State for the reason, principally, that they want to see Michigan lose the peninsula. There is no serious objection in Wisconsin. We expect to resume work on this proposition when Congress reassembles.

It is interesting to recall in connection with this proposed new State the history of the peninsulahow it became a part of Michigam. Michigam was admitted in 18-31. It was required that the new State should give up a strip of its southern border. Ohio received this strip, Long before this, in 1816, Indiana received a slice from Michigam, called out the militia and gave the commander orders to "shoot the first man caught looking at the sacred soil of Michigam chunch a spiglass."

Congress had, meanwhile, concluded to give Ohio a slice of Michigam, and the more of Michigam through a spiglass.

Congress had, meanwhile, concluded to give Ohio a slice of Michigam, and the Uovernment had to put a order to so the fovernor of Michigam. It is southed his fre by granting to the State what is known as the peninsula. The neople of the State looked up their geographies and finally accented the gift. But for many years it was regarded as a Siberia, and refractory children were threatened with banishment to it.

Nebraska Pops to Have Great Times Wheat They Welcome the Wanderer Home.

LINCOLN, Neb., Aug. 21.- The return of the Hon, William Jennings Bryan from his wan-derings in the wilds of the West is to be celstremens, he is controlling his imagination and will take nobody's word without cosh, and the sensiner, but Picking the Other Rind P Country.

From the Albany Argus.

"Gone to the seashore—will return the middle of Sentember." Placards of this description are about due to appear on the barricaded windows of houses in the valley towns. It is not to be accepted that the placards give the exact whereabouts of the occupants of the houses, but some people when they go to the Otsego county hop fields do not like their neighbors to know it, and do not object to their thinking that they have really gone to the seashore, even though the grocer has been unable to collect last month's grocery bill.

A family from old Schenectody had no anushing experience last fall, which goes to show that placards and personals sent to the newspapers do not always give the exact destination of the transplance of the companies of the print, and Mrs. Brown and their two accomplished daughters are at the seashore for a month," was very pretty in print, and their may have a fine and they would have to take their nulling in the hop feld. However, like their neighbors wished that they might go to some summer resort, just for the name of it, but, its stead, they would have to take their nulling in the hop feld. However, like their neighbors wished that they might go to some summer resort, just for the name of it, but, its stead, they would have to take their nulling in the hop feld. However, like their neighbors wished that jeeps and the print, and the owner of another yard, some three neighbors wished that the placking. Imagine a hasily explanation, on going to the dinner table to find Mr. However, like their neighbors wished the place of the pla brated in Lincoln on Sept. 1. The fatted calf will be killed, roasted, and served to an assem-